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# THE ✓ AMERICAN McALL RECORD

Devoted to the  
interests of the  
McALL MISSION  
in FRANCE

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# THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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# The AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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VOLUME XXXV

MAY, 1917

NUMBER 3

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*Friends of the Mission when in Paris should always consult the church notices in the Saturday (Paris) New York Herald for news of McAll Meetings.*

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING  
of the  
AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION  
will be held in the  
BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.  
Wednesday and Thursday, May 2 and 3, 1917

Mme Biéler will be one of the Speakers

The Speaker of Wednesday Evening will be Dr. Robert E. Speer  
Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman of Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Bartlett T. Johnston  
Cloverdale Road, Baltimore

It is deeply gratifying to learn through a recent French newspaper of the promotion to second lieutenant of artillery of the son of the General Agent of the Mission, Franc de Grenier Latour, who responded to the first call to arms by entering the army as common soldier.

Friends of the Mission cannot but rejoice that sorrow has not come so near our devoted Dr. Hastings Burroughs, of St. Etienne (for nearly two score years voluntary worker in the Mission) as was indicated in the March RECORD. It was his nephew, not his son, who fell at Saloniki.

The directors of the Mission in Nice, M. and Mme Malan, took advantage of the visit of M. Biau, as elsewhere described, to gather the active Protestant workers of the city for a social evening. Every philanthropic work of the city was represented with many regular attendants at our halls, and addresses were made which bound the converts of the Mission more closely than ever with their fellow Protestants of the city.

M. Louis Biau, director of the McAll work in Marseilles, and editor of the Mission monthly, *Le Bon Messager*, gave in Nice during the winter, a series of addresses on "The Human Heart of Jesus." Three of these lectures were given in the new and attractive hall of the Mission in the rue de France, the other two in the old and well-known hall of the Avenue Borriglione. The lectures were attended by large and deeply interested audiences, to whose hearts in these days of anguish the subject came home with strong appeal.

It would be interesting to learn just how many foreign missionaries have gone forth from the halls of the McAll Mission. The number is certainly in good proportion to the whole number of French Protestant missionaries. The last one of record is one of the members of the Young Girls' Union of one of our halls, who went to the French Congo as a missionary. Another of our young girls has gone as an evangelist to the church in Bordeaux, which grew out of the McAll hall founded in that city before the death of Dr. McAll.

The Union of the Women of France, a very dignified association to which many of our leading women workers belong, sent out broadcast through France an appeal for the entire suppression of the sale of alcholic beverages, to be signed by women and presented to the 850 members of Parliament. This is by no means the first such appeal sent out by this society. The present one is largely based upon the industrial importance of alcohol and the patriotic duty not to divert that which may be produced from any fruit whatever from the legitimate industrial needs of the country.

The Mission has again been bereaved by the death of two valued helpers. Pastor Victor Van der Beken, of Paris, who died in January at the too early age of fifty-four, began at an early age to speak in the Mission halls, and with such rare acceptance that he was regularly engaged to speak three times a week either in the schools or in evening meetings. The question of sending Pastor Van der Beken to America to plead the cause of the Mission—he being fluent in English—was at

one time seriously considered, but circumstances at the time forbade. He was a very acceptable speaker in the Expositions, and in all the large halls of the Mission. Pastor Philippe Moulin, a Knight of the Legion of Honor, who recently died in Marseilles, has been a loyal friend of the McAll Mission since its establishment in Marseilles, being President of its local committee, and speaking regularly in its halls, notwithstanding his many and onerous duties as one of the leaders of the Reformed Churches of France.

A young man, converted in our hall at Nantes, was about to study for the ministry when war broke out. He went unharmed through the battles of the Marne, Ypres, etc., but was later wounded and has not been in active service since. From a letter written to friends in Nantes we extract the following—rather significant from the soldier's viewpoint:

The so-longed-for peace must be that of the Allies. Therefore, since we are fighting both with the gun and the *gamelle* (soldier's dish), let us have courage to hold out until the time when the adversary, having nothing more to put in the *gamelle*, will be constrained to lay his guns at our feet. The time is not far distant.

But also let us and our allies never forget that they were obliged to enter this war for the cause of Justice and Right!

One of the most able and efficient Bible women of the Mission, Mlle Sprecher of M. Merle d'Aubigné's station in the Rue Nationale, having gone to Douai in the north of France in August 1914 to nurse the wounded was surprised there by the German invasion and for more than two years nothing was heard from her. The work in the Rue Nationale sorely needed her, and M. Merle d'Aubigné was greatly distressed by her absence. At last, however, in January of this year she was permitted to return, and the joy with which she was received by all the Mission staff may be imagined. The devoted woman had been giving herself without stint to the nursing of the wounded, whether French or English, until her strength was utterly exhausted. A considerable time must elapse before she is fit for the arduous duties which were formerly hers, but it is a joy to all who know her to have this faithful worker once more among them.



**OUR RELIEF FUND**

[The theme properly belongs to the HOME DEPARTMENT, in the later pages of the magazine, and there it has found a place in every issue of this working year. The superlative importance of the subject, however, commands for it the utmost prominence in the present issue, when our readers are making their summer plans, and arranging for their vacation activities.—EDITOR.]

Since the March-RECORD was issued, every Auxiliary of the American McAll Association, and hundreds of individuals, have received a letter from the Field Secretary recapitulating the various means by which the McAll Mission in France ministers to the relief of the stricken people of that country, and urging the ample replenishment of our now nearly exhausted Relief Fund. The Annual Report of our Treasurer, soon to be presented at Baltimore, will show that this appeal has been profoundly felt; yet, alas! the total of the Relief Fund of this year falls below that of 1915-1916, and still further below that of the first eight months of the war period.

Surely, "the appeal of France must exert its spell to the limit of her needs," as the circular letter reminded us. We have all felt that spell and have been moved by it to some degree of response. But now, as we face our vacation period, let us once again remind ourselves of the peculiar claim of the McAll Mission upon gifts for relief, not only from ourselves but from all religiously disposed men and women in the United States, and encouraged by the fact that a considerable number have already been to some degree aroused by the receipt of the Field Secretary's letter, let us be bold to bring this claim before many to whom we have never before presented it.

In urging it upon those with whom during the summer we may come in contact, we have a stronger plea than that of the free gift of many millions which this country received from France in the hour of her extremity one hundred and forty years ago, stronger even than the brotherly love which binds the great Republic of the West to that country of Europe which so promptly followed her example in establishing free institutions of its own, stronger than all the innumerable benefits which France has showered upon mankind. The outstanding justification of a broadcast appeal that abundant relief funds be poured into the treasury of our Association, through its Auxil-

aries, is that *the McAll Mission is unique among agencies* now collecting funds for the relief of France.

"For nearly half a century," we were reminded by the circular letter, "the Mission has been ministering to the French people. *This gives us the advantage of an intimate knowledge of that wonderful nation*, and, unlike most of the relief organizations, our present efforts are impelled by the *evangelical motive*." This evangelical motive it is which gives our work above all others a claim upon the generosity of Christian people everywhere.

In every town and hamlet of France where, during more than forty-five years, the McAll Mission has been known, it has been known as an agency that meets the deepest need of those who come under its influence—the religious need. Not as a denominational, not even as a Protestant Mission, has it been known and welcomed. It has come to the people of France simply as a *Christian* embassy to hearts and consciences, whether asleep, dumbly groping in the dark, or agonizingly awake. And having been thus recognized during long years, every benefit now offered through the relief funds which we send to the Mission comes to the recipient enhaloed with the light that shines in the name of Jesus Christ. Whether it be the wage of work in an *ouvroir*, or clothing for a shivering child, or food for starving refugees from the devastated north, or supplies for suffering ones in hospitals, or comforts for captives in far-off prison camps, every franc, every garment, every bandage or pillow or Gospel or pocket knife or packet of chocolate, comes to bereaved wife and hungry child, to wounded soldier and lonely prisoner, as representing the love of Jesus Christ. Do we not know that a gift so motivated has literally the three-fold value that inheres in the gift, the giver and Him whom givers and Mission always represent?

In the latter part of the winter just passed an unusual rigor of cold fell upon France. Soldiers standing guard were found frozen. In Paris there was a scarcity of coal, and prices became almost prohibitive. Through the generosity of one of our members one hundred women of one of our Mothers' Meetings were given five francs each with which to buy a sack of coal. Jesus Himself must have loved to be

present at the next meeting of those mothers: to witness the new uplift of faith and courage that was inspired by the gift, in His name, of a far-away American woman.

How shall we not, then, joyfully and very seriously magnify our office as collectors of McAll Relief Funds? How shall we not make the utmost of every new environment afforded by the summer change of scene, to increase the number of contributors to our Relief Fund and so widen the circle of friends of the McAll Mission? As the shadow of what we reverently believe to be a Holy War overspreads our homes, calling our dear ones to the fellowship of a sacred service, how shall we not realize, with hitherto unexperienced poignancy, the heroically borne sorrows and privations of men and women, yes, and the little children of France for nearly three long years, and eagerly, ardently take a share in those woes by the blessed ministry of relief in the name of Him whom the McAll Mission has revealed to them?

"It is so beautiful to help people that one does not even know," has been a frequent exclamation of recipients of relief in McAll Mission halls. Their deep appreciation of the sympathy of American Christians is already showing spiritual results and will show still more as the years go on. Let us realize more vividly than we yet have done the beauty of helping "people whom we do not even know."

One form of relief appeals strongly to every one: the support of fatherless children in the homes of their widowed mothers. Many of us know that an important French society, the *Orphelinat des Armées*, has been formed in France under the patronage of President Poincaré, and backed by a large committee of distinguished men and women. This society is now being represented in this country by means of a widespread campaign in behalf of "The Fatherless Children of France," fully organized in a large number of our principal cities, with an Advisory Board of very prominent and deservedly trusted American men and women. The cause appeals to every generous heart. We earnestly wish this finely organized movement all success. Its promotors cannot secure the "adoption" of too many of the "war orphans" of France, many of them made fatherless before their birth. But let



those who know the McAll Mission bear in mind that the American McAll Association, already, through its Auxiliaries organized in more than sixty American cities for every possible form of relief work in France, is also organized for the adoption of fatherless children, and that "war orphans" adopted by any friend of the McAll Mission, through this agency, will enjoy all the love and care, all the intimacy of a personal relation, that can be lavished upon them by the noble French society, and in addition, *that which no society organized under government auspices can give*: that which the little ones of Palestine enjoyed whose mothers brought them to Jesus that He might bless them. Avowedly "adopted" in the name of Christ, these little ones, not selected, perforce, from a miscellaneous list, but presented to us by our McAll directors from families whom they personally know, who are already under the benign influences of the Mission, will enjoy, through the gifts and the prayers of their adoptive parents, the highest privilege which it is possible for human beings to enjoy: the privilege of Christian fellowship, with all that acquaintance with the highest things which Christian fellowship implies.

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Under the head of McAll Relief it was stated in the RECORD for March, p. 28, that six dollars a month would meet the expenses of an adopted child who remained with its mother. We understand that six dollars a month defrays the expenses of an orphan in an institution; but that when living with its mother, two dollars a month, or twenty-four dollars a year, suffices for the support of a "McAll War Orphan." The French society represented in this country asks for \$36.50 a year for the support of a fatherless child living with its mother.

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Americans who visited in Paris when the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich was pastor of the American Church in the rue de Berri will rejoice to learn that Dr. Goodrich is to resume his old place in that church and on the Paris Committee of the McAll Mission. He was due to sail on Wednesday, April 11, by the Alphonso XII via Havana for Vigo, Spain. As our Field Secretary writes: "After he has had some talks with the Committee and looks into things, his letters to me will be almost as good as though I had used my own eyes and ears." We may hope for a fine article from Mr. Goodrich for our next—that is, November—RECORD.

## ST. QUENTIN

As these words are written there is every reason to believe that before they meet the eyes of our readers this historic city, for thirty-three months sequestered from France, will have been restored to her. During all these months only one message has come through to the Washington Auxiliary, which has long been devoted to the support of the Mission in St. Quentin. This was in the early days of its captivity and was to the effect that though the McAll Mission building was still standing, its furnishings and even the doors and other wood work, had been burned for fuel. There will be much to do for St. Quentin when it again becomes ours, and in this good work the entire Association will no doubt have a part.

In May 1915, our lamented Mme Nick wrote to *The Huguenot* a letter which throws light not only upon the devoted director of the St. Quentin station, but upon all our mission workers in the invaded district:

No one is surprised to learn of the faithful and useful ministry of Pastor Kaltenbach in St. Quentin. Not without peril does he exercise this ministry in the invaded region, as he has more than once had occasion to perceive. Several English soldiers had been unable to withdraw from the city and were hidden by the population. One of them, seriously ill, had asked for the services of a pastor. Our friend visited him regularly, and, as in so many other cases, his perfect acquaintance with foreign languages made him eminently useful to the sick Englishman. Meanwhile, a notice had been posted: "Will be shot, any person sheltering an Englishman as well as every one knowing the hiding place of such without making it known to the authorities."

Shortly afterward a German chaplain came to Pastor Kaltenbach to warn him that he was to be called to headquarters, as knowing of the retreat of an Englishman, and visiting him. With his usual admirable self-possession our Pastor proceeded to headquarters, where the officer in command received him roughly: "It is all down on the *dossier*; you have only to reveal the hiding place of the English soldier whom you have visited." The French pastor expressed surprise. Were not German pastors, as well as French, under oath not to betray secrets confided to them? This was a professional secret; he could not betray it, and what he had done before he was ready to do again.

In the face of this argument, presented with noble firmness, the formerly brutal officer tore up the dossier before Pastor Kaltenbach's eyes and bade him depart in peace. Later, when the

retreat of another Englishman was discovered, and he condemned to death, the authorities sent for Pastor Kaltenbach, who prayed and administered the communion to the soldier an hour before his execution.

How these facts came to Mme Nick she never revealed; it was no doubt through one of the concealed Englishmen who managed to make his escape.

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### DESVRES

No recent news has come from this interesting town, but early in the winter M. Arbousse-Bastide, pastor at Boulogne-sur-Mer, who for some months in alternation with M. Wilmot, an English merchant at Boulogne and a charming and zealous servant of Jesus Christ, has been conducting meetings every Sunday at Desvres, wrote thus to our Director:

"The audience is well maintained and the work does not bear the marks of suffering from the absence of its Director, M. Canet. The hall, freshly repainted, fairly shines with its bright colors and the people of Desvres are proud of their "church." I inaugurated the renovated building at a funeral service yesterday. The hall was filled, the attention close and the devotion marked. Let us hope that much good was done.

"Unfortunately M. Wilmot is no longer able to go to Desvres. To demand a permit would mean too many difficulties, in fact, it is quite impossible for him to leave Boulogne."

M. Bastide accordingly undertakes to go to Desvres two Sundays in succession, leaving an interval of one Sunday, when M. Mitoire, one of our converts, will read a sermon and speak as well.

Mme Canet conducts the mothers' meetings. She is also busy with the girls and continues the Sunday and Thursday Bible Schools. In this way the Desvres work is maintained in spite of the absence of M. Canet and the bulk of the men, who are mobilized.

For some weeks we have had in an ambulance in Paris a young man from Desvres who has been wounded and whom it is most refreshing and edifying to visit, so strong and joyous is his faith, which has been subjected to the test of fire. He is truly an honor to the Saviour.

**LA RUE NATIONALE AND BICÊTRE**

H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ

Notwithstanding the war, we had two very successful Christmas fêtes at the rue Nationale and at Bicêtre. Owing to the generosity of our American friends, both in money and in kind, we were able to give our most regular pupils an unusual present, namely, a pair of boots (in America, shoes). This was exceedingly welcome. We have a number of families where the father is at the front or killed and who have to live on their "allocation" of 25 cents a day for the mother, plus 15 cents per child. That makes only one dollar for a family of five children. Food and fuel are exceedingly dear. Clothes can be patched by the mother but it was the father who used to cobble the shoes.

I am glad to say that the work among women and children is flourishing. We have re-established our *école de garde* and have about fifty 9 to 13-year-old children, who come to learn their lessons, sing, play, work with their hands and get a Gospel lesson five days a week from 4 to 6.30 p. m. The lady who has taken this up is Madame Bianquis, wife of the Secretary of our Foreign Mission Society. She has four sons at the front, one severely wounded. She is a very clever, good woman.

At Bicêtre the hall is so packed on Thursday afternoon that I do not know what we shall do if the children keep flowing in. It would be an awful pity to send them away for want of room.

Not long ago I was present at a fine banquet at Hotel Ritz given by the Comité France-Amérique for the United States Ambassador, Mr. Sharp, and some of the leaders of the American war charities, especially Dr. Watson, rector of the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, who has been awarded the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor. There were remarkable speeches by M. Hanotaux, of the Académie Française, Mr. Sharp, M. Viviani, formerly Premier, and others. A few days after I called on Mr. Sharp, on mission business. He questioned me thoroughly about the state of mind of our people and, as I told him that I did not believe that Germany would consent to disarmament, or could

be trusted to keep her word if she did, he replied: "*But now she must.*" Those four words are the most encouraging that I have heard for the last thirty months. A few days later President Wilson's action confirmed the Ambassador's words. I am far from prejudiced against Germany. I have been there four times, for more than sixteen months, have many friends there from prince to village pastor, and have sent my four oldest children to spend several months there one by one; but just because I know the Germans very well, I am convinced that if the world is to have peace it is absolutely necessary to root out of the German mind the inveterate conviction that is at the bottom of all their thoughts and all their politics, namely, that might makes right and that aggressive war is a legitimate means of gaining power and wealth. The only way to do this is to inflict on Germany heavy losses that will make her people *experience* the fact that aggressive war is a very bad speculation. Now, loss of life counts for little in Germany, as it is an understood thing there that the state does not exist for the citizen, but the citizen for the state. Loss of land and money counts for more. If Germany and Austria lose some of their former conquests and have to pay a heavy indemnity, that will do more for the peace of the world than mere promises which they will consider as "scraps of paper."

It is a great joy to us to see that the United States of America is waking up to see facts as they are. President Wilson has a great work before him.

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### CHRISTMAS IN THE GRENELLE STATION

A. FASSIN

Being occupied at Grenelle with my cousin, Mme Gallienne, who is at present overwhelmed with work, I am glad to send a little echo of the Christmas fêtes of the Women's Union and the *école de garde* and to express the deep gratitude felt toward the American friends, who this year have been so particularly generous and good.

The children's Christmas tree exercises were held December 31st. The usual attendance is about ninety, but there were easily a hundred and twenty children who responded to



our Christmas invitation and they seemed utterly astonished at the brilliant tree, decorated with the French colors. Pastor Guex presided. Beautiful songs were sung, among them a touching hymn of gratitude, expressing the thanks of all to the kind American friends.\* We distributed to these dear children almanacks, oranges and little packages, and joy spread over the faces of all, most of whom are extremely poor and utterly unaccustomed to delicacies and "sweets."

The fête of the Women's Union† (organized at the beginning of the war by Mme Gallienne) was especially interesting. These women, the wives of the mobilized or themselves refugees, come to us faithfully every Wednesday. They appear to find at Grenelle at least a little of that comfort of which they are so sorely in need in their great sorrow. Their fête was held on January 3d, more than a hundred women being present. Mme Gallienne and Pastor Guex were in charge and what they said seemed to go straight to the heart of everyone. A little supper was served, followed by the distribution of presents, contributed by American friends. What joy and gratitude were read on the faces of all those poor women, so tried by the war! Nearly all of them have been separated from their husbands for two years and a half and some of them have made the supreme sacrifice. We were happy to enable them to forget their sorrow for one short moment at least.

Aside from the articles of clothing which they usually receive, this year each one was given a little parcel containing a sausage, a pound of coffee, a pound of chocolate, a plum cake, and a box of candy. Mme Gallienne called off the names and it was touching to see the faces as the packages were distributed. In the first row sat a little old woman, who looked as though she never had enough to eat and when her name was called, with her arms extended, she cried out, "Here, here!" as though fearing she would be entirely overlooked! Another woman said the next day to Mme Gallienne: "Never before have we had any candy in our house and my little boy fairly trembled with joy!"

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\*See the March RECORD for an English version of this hymn.—ED.

†See RECORD of May 1915, p. 27 for the origin of this Union.—ED.

Packages were also given to the refugees of the North who had been obliged to flee at the time of the German invasion.\* In their haste they were able to take nothing with them and they have since learned that their houses and farms have been entirely destroyed by the enemy. One woman, whose husband is a prisoner in Germany, at once suggested sending her package to him!

There was not in our celebration a single discordant note. When Mme Gallienne asked them: "Are you happy?" with one voice they replied, "Indeed, yes!" "Has anyone been forgotten?" "No one!" and all together before breaking up cried out in gratitude and with much feeling, "*Merci*, to our American friends!"

Can it be that our American friends really appreciate the good which they have done and are doing to the poor women of France, so brave and so worthy of love!

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A striking act of faith was shown by two peasant proprietors of France in the early days of the German invasion. Their lands lay beside the Marne, which the German army had already crossed in its advance upon Paris. Firmly convinced that France would ultimately triumph and regain her invaded lands, they took that opportunity to purchase from an aged and childless neighbor, like themselves a refugee in Paris, and in need of money, a large portion of land adjoining their own property—both alike being then devastated by the advancing and thus far victorious army. The French newspaper which a few months ago recorded this act of faith compared it to the Romans who while Hannibal was at the gates of Rome bought at public sale at as high a price as in times of peace the land upon which the invading army was encamped. He might have gone back half a millenium earlier to the old prophet Jeremiah of Jerusalem, who at the time when the foreign invader had overrun Judea and the fall of Jerusalem was imminent, took steps to redeem a piece of ancestral land, by way of convincing his fellow countrymen of the truth of his prophecies that the Jews would eventually return from captivity and possess their ancestral land.

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\*See RECORD for March 1915, pp. 21-23.—Ed.

**FRENCH BOY SCOUTS IN THE WAR**

REV. HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, *Scoutmaster*

The closing of shops and mills in Paris in consequence of the war has thrown out of work thousands of boys between thirteen and seventeen years of age. Those who are fortunate enough to be Boy Scouts have an advantage over the others; for they have learned to obey, and to use their hands, and so nearly all of them have found occupation as messengers or aids in municipal buildings, hospitals, soup kitchens and other public agencies.

Nearly all the boys in my troop have been and still are in the forts round the capital, where they are employed as orderlies of the officers, and thus share the soldiers' mess. The food suits their boyish appetites, and their mothers are greatly relieved, for it is hard to feed hungry boys with the ten cents a day that the government, in these war times, allows for children who are out of work. When the boy gives satisfaction, his chief soon arranges with the battalion tailor to fit him out with a uniform, which, in winter at least, has a decided advantage over the Scout's "shirt and shorts."

Although life in the forts is better than life in the streets, the fondest wish of our boys is to go to the front. A number of my Scouts have been there. Two little fellows went to Bray-sur-Somme, near Albert, which was so often mentioned in the papers at the beginning of the war. The boys had followed a detachment of colonial infantry, but on reaching Bray, which was on the firing line, they were immediately put into prison to keep them out of harm's way. They were alone in the prison the first day, and they spent most of the time in a plum tree just outside the window of the cart shed in which they had been incarcerated.

The next day they were joined by a number of German prisoners and some French soldiers who were about to be tried. One of the Frenchmen was a Scout from Clamart, near Paris, who had had a curious experience. He had left home with a regiment of the line, wearing a soldier's cap and jacket, had charged with the regiment, had gone too far, and had been taken prisoner by the Germans. During the night, however, he had managed to escape over a wall. The next day he again

joined in a charge; but his rifle was broken by a splint from a shell, and he was obliged to go to the rear, where he was immediately collared by the army police and put into the guardhouse. Rather hard lines, he thought, to pass one night in a German prison and the next in a French prison.

He was in the prison at Bray for only one night, however. The next morning he and my two Scouts were given passports to go on foot to Amiens, about twenty miles away, and that they did.

In Amiens, with true Scout luck, they met a gentleman whose son was also a Scout, and after passing the night in his house they took the train without cost and arrived safely in Paris.

One of the favorite pursuits of my Scouts during the first months of the war was to "go to see the English," meaning the British soldiers who were near Paris. The men from across the Channel were always very kind to them. "Hello, Baden Powell Boy Scouts!" the Tommies would shout as the boys drew near. Some of them in their laborious French would tell my boys that they had sons of their own in Great Britain who also were Boy Scouts.

André Germis, one of my Scouts, very nearly came to grief one fine day. He and a friend had gone out on their bicycles to "see the English" on the road between Paris and Meaux. They met a patrol of German cavalry, whom they at first mistook for British because their helmets were covered with khaki. The Germans questioned them, but received no information from them. The soldiers confiscated their bicycles, and seemed to intend to keep the boys prisoners, although they allowed them to stroll about. The boys walked carelessly round a corner and then made the best of their heels until they reached the French outposts. There they reported to the lieutenant, who immediately sent them in a motor to headquarters, where they had the proud distinction of being the first to give information of the advance of the enemy!

They might easily have been shot, like the Boy Scout whose story is told in the following letter written by a German officer and found on a battlefield:

"A French boy belonging to one of their gymnastic

societies, *éclaireurs* [Boy Scouts], who wear tricolored ribbons, has just been shot. He was a wretched little fool who had taken it into his head to be a hero. Our regiment was approaching a wood, when we caught him and asked him whether there were any French in the neighborhood. He refused to give us any information. Fifty steps farther a volley was fired at us from a thicket. We asked the prisoner in French whether he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and he did not deny it. He walked steadily to a telegraph pole, leaned against it with the green leaves of a vine hanging over his head, and received the volley of the platoon with a smile. Foolish little braggart! What a pity to see courage so wasted!"

It seems to me that such "waste" is gain.

Among my boys are two who had an unusual adventure. René B—— and Bernard C—— are cousins. One of them has lost his father, the other his mother, and they have been brought up by their grandfather, a small but strong and bright old man.

In 1914 René and his cousin were enrolled in my troop of Boy Scouts of the People's Hall (McAll Mission) of the Rue Nationale. When the shop in which they were employed closed its doors, these two cousins and their comrade, Louis P——, entered the service of the *Marsouïns* (colonial infantry), who were stationed in one of the forts around Paris. One fine day word came to me that my three Boy Scouts had been seen marching with a regiment of colonial infantry, which was "going to the war!" Their parents, it appeared, had consented.

No word came from them for a considerable time, and we were all beginning to be uneasy, when one day in late September our three little fellows reappeared, bronzed as Moors and full of enthusiasm. They proudly bore two sacks full of the trophies of their adventures—a sword, a shovel, two Prussian helmets; and their pockets were stuffed with German cartridges.

They had come from St. Menchould and Ville-sur-Tourbe, in the very centre of the gigantic arc of a circle formed by the battlefields that stretch from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier.



They had set out with the equipment train in more or less contraband fashion; but the officers had grown very fond of them, and had watched over them with truly touching solicitude. At Melun, where the train halted, they were in full view of a detachment of the British army, who recognized the uniform of our little Parisians and began to shout, "*Vive la France!*" Three cheers for the Boy Scouts, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

The next night the train passed through Troyes, and early the next morning the regiment was set down in the midst of a wide plain. It proceeded northward on foot, in pursuit of the Germans who were then in retreat after the Battle of the Marne. The three battalions had divided the Boy Scouts among them, each taking one. They marched with the soldiers, and at the halts each received his *boule de son* ("lump of bran," soldiers' slang for bread) and his *gamelle* (wooden bowl), with plenty of meat and biscuit. Vegetables were scarce, and for drink they had *château la pompe* ("château pump," slang for water). At night they slept on straw in a barn, or when the regiment bivouacked the chief surgeon made a place for them in one of the wagons. Once, when the regiment had halted at midnight and was summoned to march at two in the morning, our three little fellows rubbed their eyes, but found it impossible to wake up. The soldiers loaded them upon a baggage wagon, where they slept soundly through all the bumps and jostlings of the journey.

Arriving at the scene of the battles, they passed through villages deserted, with dead soldiers, mostly Germans, lying everywhere. Here an entire detachment had been surprised and mowed down; their stacks of muskets were still standing, with dead bodies lying near. Then it would be a farmyard where a deep trench had been dug; near by a French soldier lay dead among the bodies of eleven German soldiers, one of whom still held in one hand the photograph of a young woman, his wife or his betrothed, and in the other his watch. Surprised in the act of burying their dead, their comrades had fled without completing their task.

Arriving in the neighborhood of Ville-sur-Tourbe things began to grow warm. The Boy Scouts, having fortunately

received lessons in first aid, were each provided with the arm band of the Red Cross and attached to an ambulance (field hospital). In a farm recently abandoned by the Germans there were some twenty French wounded who had been left behind by their captors, without food, and who wept for joy when they saw their brothers. They were parched with thirst, and our Boy Scouts at once set about bringing them water, and later hot coffee. Their bandages had not been changed for a week, and were stiff with clotted blood; so our little improvised orderlies next set about replacing them with clean ones. They were absorbed in this work, and when they suddenly looked up were amazed to find that the detachment to which they belonged had gone on! In what direction? Who could tell?

They looked to the right, they looked to the left, they went down a road; not a person was in sight. Finally, after much marching and countermarching, they picked up traces of the detachment, and made the best use of their legs until they overtook their friends at Berzieux, about two miles from Ville-sur-Tourbe, and near the famous Forest of Argonne, which since that time has been the scene of many fierce battles.

Soon bombs began to fall not far from the marching column. "They made us think of the Fourteenth of July [the French Independence Day]," said René afterwards. "We would wonder, 'Will it be a red one? Will it be a green one?'"

At Berzieux our three Boy Scouts were put on the train for home. Things were growing serious, and in fact the very next day after their departure one of the battalions of the 21st Colonial was nearly exterminated.

One of the Boy Scouts had eaten too many green plums, and the chief surgeon had advised them all to take the opportunity of riding on a train of wounded as far as St. Meneshould. This they did regretfully. They reached their destination in the evening; the station was crowded with wounded, and the boys slept on the asphalt of the platform. The next morning was cold. Two of the Scouts had lost their sacks, which a few days before they had confided to a requisitioned wagon. The wagon had gone astray and had never rejoined the column. To warm themselves the boys went through their

gymnastic exercises, and then set to work carrying breakfast to the wounded.

The next evening they made themselves a little bedroom by tipping over two tables and filling them with straw, and slept comfortably. The following day they were transferred with the field hospital to the cavalry quarters, where they found three hundred Germans.

"If we had stayed there a little longer we should have learned to speak German," said one of them. "Many of the prisoners made us understand that they had boys at home."

Finally, on the third day, Saturday, September 19, a train set out with wounded and prisoners. Our three Scouts squeezed themselves in. But the train was bound for the south, and at Troyes they had to get out and take a passenger train. The next morning they reached Paris, and had some trouble in entering the city without a pass. But the red cross on their arms saved them, and an hour later they reached their homes, proudly bearing the trophies they had picked up on the battlefields.

Thus ended the adventure of my three Boy Scouts. They were not hurt, and I think they did some good. Their cup of cold water had quenched the thirst of the wounded, and their bright faces and gay demeanor must have brought a ray of joy to those scenes of death. Veterans of the Colonial, German prisoners, French wounded, everyone they met, had treated them with touching friendship.

Since that adventure, René B—— and Louis P—— have been to the front again—Louis in the Argonne region, serving as cook's assistant, René near Arras as messenger of a field hospital. Both of them came back after a month, thin and worn. René especially had had a hard time; he had been carrying messages at night, to avoid the German shells.

Regulations forbidding civilians to go near the line of battle have now become much more strict, and our boys have had to find new channels for their energy. As trade gradually resumed, many have gone to work in the factories.

On the day of mobilization a soldier who was coming to join his regiment met a little boy, and patting him on the head, said to him, "My little fellow, I am going to fight so that you

may never have to fight when you grow up." The words express the feeling of our people.

While the older boys are doing their duty against the enemy, there is a great work to be done among the younger ones, and we are thankful to have at hand that admirable educational instrument—the Boy Scout organization and method.—From *The Youth's Companion*.

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### A CHEERING WORD FROM ST. ETIENNE

DR. HASTINGS BURROUGHS

We are having a grand time just now in the Mission. I sent a call to my friend, M. Sainton, and he is with us now. The meetings are overcrowded every night. The events of the war hang heavy on us and our courage was more or less lost. The visit of M. Sainton has given us, through God's blessing, a new stimulus.

M. Sainton's meetings were a great success. He left us full of gratitude to God for what he was permitted to see and hear and he has promised to come back in the spring. The hall had not sitting room for all who came. After a month's stay, he left us with the feeling that in spite of the unfavorable circumstances (the war) the Mission at St. Etienne is very much alive.

The Brooklyn hall is now about the finest in the Mission. I had it renovated and electric lights put in and it is very inviting to strangers. A friend made me a present for these repairs. We are very grateful to all the American Christians for what they are doing for France. I received lately two large boxes of surgical dressings and underwear for the needy soldiers and prisoners. Another box is announced. I must not say much about the war. You in America know more than we do although living through it.

We were unable to keep our watch-night meeting, as the law forbids keeping open after ten o'clock—one of the restrictions of the war, but we must not complain, there are many other greater inconveniences. We are very thankful to be able to hold on as we are. It is a trying time for everyone, but we keep up heart. God reigns and one day we shall see His will in this universal calamity.

## TEMPERANCE IN ROUEN

The success of the "Women's Union" of Rouen in closing the liquor saloons of that city was mentioned in our March number. From the public papers we read that the "Confederation of the Commerce in Liquors" at a recent meeting adopted and spread broadcast a strong protest against their action. Whereupon two physicians of that city, Dr. Brunon of the Anti-alcoholic League, and Dr. Coutan, of the White Cross (social purity) with Pastor Vautrin, in charge of the McAll *Solidarité*, representing the Blue Cross, published in all the local newspapers an article which the principal one of them, the *Dépêche de Rouen*, by its editor, characterizes as "A Strong Protest." Occupying nearly a column of the paper it is too long to reproduce here but it is a grave, cogent and adequate reply to the accusations that the above named temperance societies are "anti-French," that they are moved by personal animosity against the dealers, with other well-known objections to the temperance movement, and equally well-known arguments for the usefulness of the saloon—as for instance that it is the club house (salon) of the poor, their place of rest after their labors and similar well-worn pleas, adding one that seems new to us on this side of the water, namely that friends of temperance fear lest the working man should become too much enlightened in the saloon! Without question M. Vautrin and his temperance friends have the best of the argument, and the work of the women of Rouen still goes on.

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## ACTIVITIES IN ROUEN

(Concluded)

C. VAUTRIN

*Women's Sewing Circle.* The National Council of French Women, having asked our help in organizing an *atelier de confection* for women without work, we did not hesitate to accede to their wish and we have since put at their disposition one of our rooms in which nearly forty unemployed women receive for five hours work a wage of one franc. This reduction of hours of work permits us to give work to the greatest number possible of idle women, who except for what we do



for them would still further increase the already too great number of the wretched people of our quarter.

*Religious Meetings.* These, like all our other activities, are pursued at the Foyer. It is in them especially that we pursue our life-saving functions, a work which gives tone to the general social atmosphere of the place by leading souls directly to the Saviour. Thus we are preparing for "the times of refreshment" when all things shall be made new.

The emphasis upon our evangelical work has made clearer to us the significance of such work in our popular centers. For example, here is a young girl that has been coming to our meetings for six months past. She belongs to the working class, exposed like many of her companions to the thousand and one dangers of the factories. She has a pretty figure and a sweet smile, which, of course, only increase her danger. In talking with her recently, she said, "I feel myself in a new world, since I have gotten the habit of coming to the *Solidarité*. I have found there strength which has been most necessary in order that I might remain honest. Your prayers and your talks have done me worlds of good."

Through its religious activity our Mission is still unique in Rouen. "What you do is an absolute astonishment to me," said one who looks upon our evangelical principle as a simple superfluity, from the point of view of philanthropic and charitable endeavors as we have given ourselves to these since the outbreak of the war. For us, on the other hand, our evangelical motive is the inspiration of all that we do that is beautiful and good, and that which would be an astonishment on our side is the involuntary blindness of those who really try to help others and yet do not know that without the Gospel there would be no fruit-bearing, permanent seed. Only yesterday at the close of our lecture of religious instruction, one of our newest-comers said to me as he left, "I have not known myself for sometime, for I now feel the deepest disgust for the coarser pleasures to which for many long years I had sacrificed my earnings, my honor and the peace of my home. Truly," he added, "Jesus Christ must indeed be a great power to have taken out of my heart the love for all these vices." Does not this simple and moving testimony suffice

to justify all the financial and moral struggles to make of our Rouen mission a veritable home of the soul?

*Conclusion.* For the work before us we have only means almost exclusively moral and without repute in the eyes of the people. Perhaps we can never have the actual favor of the people, and that again is quite natural, for we have to speak often of things exceedingly disagreeable to the natural man, humiliating to his pride and disturbing to his conscience. We have to create the sense of sin, and that is not a very glorious thing from the human point of view. Besides, it is necessary to realize that God's love cannot be understood outside of His indignation against evil. So we continue as ever and without weariness to tell to all our message of righteousness and of love. Our ministry of consolation will bring to those who are tried by the war the word which will lift them up and fortify them. We shall abide as those who bring treasures, not indeed objects of luxury but the indispensable good, the one thing necessary to fill in the hearts of men that place which must remain forever empty until God Himself has filled it. It seems to us as though the voice from Heaven which the greatest of all Christ's missionaries ever heard is still sounding today in each of our hearts with more force than ever: "Speak and hold not thy silence."

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### MORE REMINISCENCES

ANNIE ESREY JOHNSON

In my preceding articles I said too little about Mrs. Greig. Few can have given as many years to the work as she has, for she went into the Mission as a girl in her teens, being chaperoned by Mlle Arbousset, the daughter of a well-known missionary to Africa, and has worked faithfully in it ever since, nearly thirty-five years.

Mr. Greig has been in the Mission almost as long as she has. They have always lived in the very midst of their work and their people, and theirs has always been a strenuous missionary life. Mrs. Greig had her four sons and two daughters to look after, besides. The eldest son died in 1900. The third son joined the Canadian troops and was killed in action two years ago. The other two sons are in the army. Mr.

Greig has worked beyond his strength for years and is still doing so, though far from well.

Miss Gregory, another early worker, was a gifted woman, writing poetry, painting in water colors, and playing the organ. Her most important work in the Mission was a fine class of girls; several of them became earnest working Christians, especially Mlle Savary, long known as the competent Bible reader at the Maison Verte and widely active in various forms of Christian work. Miss Gregory died, at the age of eighty or more, three or four years ago.

Miss Pierce preceded me in the Mission. For years with the help of Mme Hautrais (née Van der Beken) she carried on at her own expense, the Pantin Mothers' Meeting of 80 or more women, one of the most prosperous in the Mission.

After Miss Pierce, Miss Gibson worked with Mme Hautrais in this Mothers' Meeting for many years. After several changes and an interruption I began it again and carried it on during my last seven years in Paris. Nearly all the Mothers' Meetings of the Mission were financed, sometimes with the help of friends, by the ladies who directed them. That of Salle Rivoli, long carried on by Mrs. Legay was many years ago provided for by Mrs. George Wood, who invested a sum of money for that purpose in memory of her mother, Mrs. Gerard. The Mission has very seldom supplied funds for such purposes.

Miss Stevenson was in the Mission some years before I was and did much faithful work in Mother's Meetings, schools and in organ-playing. She went the long way across Paris to Montreuil for years, and also worked in the dispensary at M. Merle d'Aubigné's hall; she continued playing there at evening meetings, at Rivoli and elsewhere as long as her health permitted. She was very fond of Jeanne Cladière. She has been a confirmed invalid for five or six years, but is wonderfully cheerful and courageous.

Dr. and Mrs. Benham joined the Mission in '89. Mrs. Benham gave many evenings to playing in the *salles*, going all the way to Boulevard Voltaire, when Dr. Benham directed that *salle* and when he became director of La Villette *salle*, she took charge of the Mothers' Meeting there, keeping on with

it as long as she could go out. She also directed the working girls' class for several years. After two years or more of much suffering and a year and a half of helplessness she went home to her reward last March.

Miss Davies had a beautiful soprano voice and playing and leading the singing in the evening meetings was her principal work, but she also taught in the schools and helped Mrs. Benham in her Mothers' Meetings.

Mlle Munck, a charming Swedish girl, was a very earnest worker, she "wanted to do some work for Jesus every day," but after a year or so her health broke down and she went home. I could mention *a number of others* who gave from three to six months of earnest, devoted work. All these ladies were self-supporting.

Miss de Garis came as a young girl in August of '92 and for six summers spent a month or two each year to fill the places of the absent. She used to save up her allowance in order to pay her expenses. In the fall of '97 she went to Limoges as a regular Mission worker. The climate there disagreed with her and after about five years she came to Paris and did strenuous work at Grenelle for some years. Since then she has been Secretary of the Mission.

Mlle Arbousset, the daughter of a well-known missionary to Africa, had been for years a leading worker when I arrived. Hers was the delicate duty of assigning the organs to the different ladies for the evening meetings of each week held in the forty Mission halls in and around Paris. She died in Cannes in 1895, after a long and dreadful illness, and sleeps in the beautiful cemetery above that town.

For years I accompanied the hymns in the meetings led by Pastor Theodore Monod, Pastor Fourneau (a converted priest), and the well-remembered Mr. Brown. The thought of those years of happy work brings back a flood of memories.

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"A beautiful manifesto was issued by both the commanders of the fleet and the army in England asking to be sustained by the prayers of the people. That fact is sufficient in itself to ensure success," writes Dr. Hastings Burroughs.

## SOLDIERS' "RELIEF" THROUGH RUE NATIONALE STATION

H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ

*All our men are gone.* I am preparing now 140 parcels for them. They will contain:

1 lb. Lorraine dry sausage

1½ lbs. chocolate

1 package of tobacco

1 cake of soap

A collection of good literature, namely, the Gospel of Luke, Acts, French Soldiers' Prayer Book, Four numbers *Ami de la Maison*, Temperance Almanack, 1917, *A la Caserne et sur le Front*, by Escande, a nephew of our former worker, who has been killed, etc.

It will cost two dollars with packing and will give great pleasure to the poor fellows who are having a hard time with this bitter cold. A French soldier's food consists of:

6 a. m., a cup of coffee

10.30 a. m., meat and vegetable soup

5 p. m., meat and vegetable soup

Half a loaf of bread and half a gallon of light wine

This makes the *casse croûte* (breakfast, lunch and supper). He is glad to get something to make his bread tasteful and I trust that the material food will help to make the men appreciate the spiritual food.

The McAll hall in Amiens was necessarily closed in consequence of the regretted death of M. Theodore Lockert, as no one could be found to take his place, every suitable person being at the front. The presence in hospital of several mobilized pastors, however, has made it possible to reopen the station, with a weekly evening service and Sunday and Thursday Schools. By a happy coincidence, the opening meeting was presided over by M. Theodore Lockert's eldest son, M. Eugène Lockert, whose military service had temporarily brought him to Amiens. The sixty regular attendants of former days were happy indeed to see the son occupying the platform from which the father had so often brought to them the Gospel message.



Our floating chapel, *Le Bon Messager*, after visiting St. Léger-sur-Dheune, as noted in the November and January numbers, went on last November to Saint-Berain-sur-Dheune, where it was welcomed by a little group of converts formed in 1912, when the boat last passed that way. Pastor Fleury of Montceau-les-Mines (formerly in charge of Salle Rivoli in Paris), had visited this little group as regularly as possible ever since, and a few others having joined them, an excellent series of meetings was held in November and December, closed by a Christmas tree celebration, the first ever seen in the village. The first week of this year *Le Bon Messager* went on to Ecuisses where Pastor Fleury has an outlying station. This is an industrial region, and the meetings—begun on January 4th with a Christmas tree—have been largely attended, Pastors Fleury and Gambier making addresses on alternate evenings. M. Dautry, the “captain” of the boat, has been greatly encouraged in his Thursday and Sunday Schools, the attendance at times numbering 150. A colporter, M. Roland, arriving during this period was warmly welcomed, and sold 23 New Testaments in a few hours.

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## HOME DEPARTMENT

### New York

In March Mrs. Merrill, wife of the Pastor of the Brick Church, opened her parlors to receive the friends of the Mission. Mr. Picard spoke to an interested audience on “The New Religious Spirit in France,” and the Field Secretary gave the latest Mission news. The Annual Meeting of the Auxiliary was held on April 11th in St. Thomas Parish House, with Mme Biéler and the Field Secretary as speakers.

### New Haven

The thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Auxiliary was held on March 22d, in United Church House and was, if possible, more profitable and enthusiastic than ever, this fact being due in part, no doubt, to the redoubled efforts on the part of the American McAll Association in relieving the war sufferers in France and the greater efforts and enthusiasm the workers

all over the country are putting into the mission work. The New Haven branch of the McAll Mission has done its share in the relief work. The local auxiliary has for many years supported the McAll halls in Marseilles, and now, in addition, they are maintaining a soldiers' rest room and dispensary, the mission chapels, three in number having been converted since the war into hospitals. Mrs. Gustavus Eliot, who was re-elected President, gave an illustrated lecture on the Mission in general, and in particular on the work done in Marseilles. The office of First Vice-President was created, and filled by the election of Mrs. Rutherford Trowbridge. The eight Vice-Presidents and other officers were re-elected with little changes. Miss Elizabeth S. Dickerman was elected press agent, and Miss Mollie Sargent Chairman of the Girls' Choir—in both of which offices other Auxiliaries may find a useful suggestion. The Girls' Choir now includes some twenty-six girls and young women. The Study Class held during March and ably led by Miss Anna McAlister, one of the Vice-Presidents, no doubt contributed not a little to the interest and success of the Annual Meeting.

**Easton**                      The Annual Meeting was a lovely one, notwithstanding a stormy day, and though we had no special speaker, just "Current Events on the Mission Field," given by various members from letters and RECORD. A charming feature was the singing, by a young woman, of the little verses, "Thank You" (Merci) to the air of "Fling Out the Banner, Let it Float." Five delegates to the Annual Meeting were elected.

**Milwaukee**                The Auxiliary was definitely constituted at a meeting in St. Paul's Church Parish House on the very stormy afternoon of March 10th, by the election of Mrs. Carol Allis as President, a First and Second Vice President, and seven Vice Presidents representing the various denominations; Mrs. Isabel Shepard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Loyal Durand, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. E. Fitzgerald, Treasurer. On April 5th, Mrs. Allis called her officers together to appoint advisory and litera-

ture committees and to make arrangements for a public meeting in Immanuel Church parlors on April 23d, when the Revs. Paul D. Jenkins, D.D., Anderson, D.D., and Holmes Whitmore will be the speakers representing Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopal Churches.

**Literature for Junior  
Guilds**

Young People's organizations desiring literature or other material should apply to Miss Emily W. Palmer, 3741 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Miss Palmer, a Director of the Board, is in charge of this branch of our work and will be glad to help in all possible ways.

**Hartford**

As Managers of the Hartford Auxiliary, we desire to place on record our tribute to the memory of the Reverend Dr. William G. Fennell, pastor of the Asylum Avenue Baptist Church, who passed into the life beyond on February 26, 1917.

We feel that more than other minister he was our Chaplain, to whom we constantly turned for help and inspiration and who never failed us. To him we were indebted in countless ways. His time and the rich resources of his mind were freely given for the asking. As the door of his church was ever open to our meetings, so the door of his heart was ever open to any request, and the cause of the McAll Mission in France was to him a high and sacred one. "It was his lot to pass through life beloved as few are loved."

"All hearts grew warmer in the presence  
Of one who, seeking not his own,  
Gave freely for the sake of giving,  
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.  
"Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong sons are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth,  
His ancient watch around us keepeth."

**Publicity**

Every President or Secretary of an Auxiliary has long ere this received a letter from the Chairman of the Press Committee of the Association, asking for the name of the leading

paper in her city. Already at this writing the names of more than twenty-five such papers have been received and an item of McAll Mission interest has been sent to each to be followed by a bit of McAll news every fortnight. Look out for such news in your local paper, and draw the attention of your friends to the same—until not a woman or man who can read, in any city where there is an Auxiliary, will ask, "What is the McAll Mission?" or, confusing it with the Jerry McCauley Mission in New York will say, "Oh, yes, I have long known about it, and once when I was in New York I went to one of the meetings. Very interesting!"

The following was the first item issued by the Press Committee. It might well be committed to memory by those of us who want a succinct statement of what our Mission is doing during this war time.

#### **The McAll Association Does Good Work in France**

The American McAll Association, which represents the Mission Populaire Evangélique, in France, is doing a novel work for the French people in evangelistic and social service.

The new situations caused by the war have been met by relief enterprises of many kinds, chief among which are eight workrooms in Paris for women and girls; soup-kitchens at Nantes, Rouen and Desvres; organized work for women in Marseilles and other cities. In different stations the Mission's halls have been turned now into hospitals, now into soldiers' reading-rooms, and in the absence of the men, groups of women have organized civic associations for the closing of saloons and the betterment of social conditions in general. The Mission's agents are serving as chaplains at the front, both in the army and navy, and the Paris Committee has now undertaken to provide for as many war orphans as possible. Clothing and food are sent to the soldiers and prisoners, and testaments and books to the French prisoners in Germany.

The Director-in-Chief writes that he recently sent to over eighty Protestant Chaplains of the army boxes containing such articles as knives, electric lamps, pipes, clothing, preserves, soap, towels, etc., for distribution to the soldiers to whom they were ministering, bidding them inform each soldier that these little gifts were an expression of the sympathy of their American friends.

Contributions, needed more and more as the war continues, may be sent to Mrs. A. R. Perkins, Treasurer, at the Bureau of the Association, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Our Loan Library

Gifts of volumes of present interest will be much appreciated.

A new work of great interest has been added to our Loan Library. It is by the Rev. Ruben Saillens, one of the notable pulpit orators of France, who for many years, from his early manhood, was connected with the McAll Mission. The book is a clear presentation of its subject, "The Soul of France," and in many respects more adequate than any thing bearing on its subject hitherto written as M. Saillens was educated in England. The English in which he wrote his book is perfect.

Rev. Ruben Saillens, *The Soul of France.*

Paul Sabatier	{	A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War,	
		Modernism	
		France Today	
		Disestablishment in France	
		{	A Propos de la Séparation des Eglises et de l'Etat.

R. U. Johnson, *Poems of War and Peace.*

H. G. Wells, *What is Coming.*

Mme Duclaux, *The French Ideal.*

J. Jorgensen, *La Cloche Roland.*

R. Benjamin, *Private Gaspard, a Soldier of France.*

Mrs. Wharton, editor, *The Book of the Homeless.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publisher, *Friends of France.*

Robert Herrick, *The World Decision.*

Rev. Horatius Bonar	{	The White Fields of France
		A Cry from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire.

Records of the McAll Mission

*The Life of Robert Whittaker McAll, by his Wife.*

Jean Charlemagne Bracq	{	The Provocation of France
		France Under the Republic

E. H. Moggridge, *Among the French Folk.*

Yvonne Pitrois, *Les Femmes de la Grande Guerre.*

Francis E. and Harriet A. Clark, *The Gospel in Latin Lands.*

Louise Seymour Houghton	{	The Cruise of the Mystery
		The Silent Highway

W. L. George, *France in the Twentieth Century.*

Fosdick, *The French Blood in America.*



# RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FEBRUARY 12—APRIL 12, 1917

MAINE, \$5 00		NEW JERSEY—Continued	
Bath Circle .....	\$5 00	Montclair Auxiliary .....	\$7 00 00
MASSACHUSETTS, \$3,357 00		Morristown Auxiliary .....	156 25
Boston Auxiliary .....	\$1,994 00	Newark Auxiliary .....	385 00
Boston Auxiliary, Legacy Mrs.		New Brunswick Auxiliary....	1,613 10
Elizabeth Lovering.....	275 00	Orange Auxiliary .....	1,797 00
Easthampton Auxiliary .....	46 00	Plainfield Auxiliary .....	1,062 60
Northampton Auxiliary .....	96 50	Princeton Auxiliary .....	168 29
Pittsfield Auxiliary .....	157 50	Trenton Auxiliary .....	70 00
Pittsfield Auxiliary, Legacy		PENNSYLVANIA, \$7,391 85	
Mrs. Caroline C. Whittlesey	500 00	Chester Auxiliary .....	\$2 00
Salem—Primary Dept. of Tab-		Easton Auxiliary .....	160 00
ernacle Sunday School....	5 00	Oxford Auxiliary .....	17 00
Salem—A Friend.....	50 00	Philadelphia Auxiliary .....	3,831 35
Springfield Auxiliary .....	110 00	Pittsburgh Auxiliary .....	2,480 00
Worcester Auxiliary .....	123 00	Sewickley Auxiliary .....	504 00
RHODE ISLAND, \$296 00		Scranton Auxiliary .....	5 00
Providence Auxiliary .....	\$296 00	Wallingford Presbyterian	
CONNECTICUT, \$2,088 73		Church .....	7 50
Hartford Auxiliary .....	\$700 00	West Chester Auxiliary.....	147 50
Hartford Junior Auxiliary....	12 00	Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary.....	237 50
Meriden Auxiliary .....	400 00	DELAWARE, \$325 00	
New Britain Auxiliary.....	25 00	Hon. H. A. duPont, "duPont	
New Haven Auxiliary.....	700 00	Memorial" .....	\$225 00
Norwich Auxiliary .....	251 73	Wilmington Auxiliary .....	100 00
NEW YORK, \$9,225 95		MARYLAND, \$843 50	
Albany Auxiliary .....	\$266.00	Baltimore Auxiliary .....	\$843 50
Buffalo Auxiliary .....	1,425 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$824 00	
Jamaica—Women's Missionary		Washington Auxiliary .....	\$824 00
Society of First Presbyterian		OHIO, \$345 00	
Church .....	5 00	Cleveland Auxiliary .....	\$45 00
New York Auxiliary.....	5,248 87	Dayton Auxiliary .....	300 00
McAll War Relief Fund....	898 00	INDIANA, \$93 50	
Rome Friends .....	20 00	Indianapolis Auxiliary .....	\$93 50
Rochester Auxiliary .....	230 00	ILLINOIS, \$125 00	
Syracuse Auxiliary .....	278 25	Chicago Auxiliary .....	\$25 00
Troy Auxiliary .....	682 50	Lake Forest First Presbyterian	
Utica Auxiliary .....	172 33	Church .....	100 00
NEW JERSEY, \$7,535 80		MISSOURI, \$5 00	
Belvidere Auxiliary .....	\$36 50	St. Louis Auxiliary.....	\$5 00
Bloomfield—First Presbyterian		MICHIGAN, \$239 00	
Church, Fourth Quarterly		Detroit Auxiliary .....	\$239 00
Payment .....	5 91	MINNESOTA, \$414 10	
Elizabeth Auxiliary .....	1,387 40	Minneapolis Auxiliary .....	\$314 50
Englewood Auxiliary .....	153 65	St. Paul Auxiliary.....	99 60

## FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

## FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars.

# AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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